ert Brown, jr., in The Academy. Robert Brown, jr., in The Academy.
It was at Thebes, the wedding day
Of Kadmos and Harmonia;
And all the Gods were there to grace.
And all the Muses there to sing.
And all the little loves that chase.
The hidden sweetness of the Spring.
Hastened o'er earth and air and sea.
To join in praise of Harmony.

Divine, diviner Harmony.

Her lord in golden vestment dight.
Her form the starry splendors deck;
For necklace fair, the gift of Night,
Adorned the beauty of her neck,
I know this tale that men were telling.
Speaks of the world in ordered grace,
As acted song and stately dwelling.
Fit home for an immortal race.
Where all the varied parts that be
Inspire a note of harmony—
Divine, diviner Harmony.

But yet, the basis of the whole
Is noble love of soul for soul;
Beyond the sway of stormy weather,
L'htouched by shock of mortal jars.
Where two clasp hands and stand together,
And conquer darkness like the stars:
Whilst the sweet claims of me and thee
Wake myriad strains of harmony—
Divine, diviner Harmony.

So, Kadmos, take thy Theban bride,
Harmonia, ever fair and young:
But us the Gods have not denied
The sweetness which their poets sung:
For, in our garden Love will stray
To waken from their caim repose
A thousand flowers, that mske it gay,
And this fair morning culls a Rose;
Bound in bright chain, yet ever free,
The two a link in harmony—
Divine, divinest Harmony:

THE MATCHMAKER.

BY L. B. WALFORD.

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Weeks passed, and every day up the turret staircase which led to Penelope's room there came the tramp of the doctor's heavy feet. Penelope was very ill.

she had not been so. Day followed night, and night followed day; and still the tender young life hung in the balance, baffling every care and very modern resource. A learned physician was summoned from Edin-

burgh at the instance of Dr. McWhinnock; but he could only confirm that worthy's own treatment and opinion that time alone could work a perfect cure. He was able, however, to hold out opes and quiet the worst apprehensions. With perfect rest, and the most absolute free

dom from every species of excitement, the patient steed a good chance of ultimate recovery. More he could not say. She had youth in her favoryouth, and, as he understood, previous health and good habits-too much value could not be laid upon these in a case of the kind; but it was impossible to speak with absolute decision, and poor Lord Carnoustie, who had accompanied the black-coated authority to the door, hanging on his lips as though he were a messenger from Heaven, went back to the dining-room with a dull pain at his heart; and, refusing to communicate even the little he knew, pushed aside everything offered him, and finally burst into a scolding fit of such unexampled and uncalled-for ferocity that Louisa wept, and Joanna fied before it. Where was Lady Carnoustle? In her presence

no such scene would ever have been enacted. Alas! Lady Carnoustie would never again check with her frown either husband or child.

Lady Carnoustie was a quiet, pleasant, smiling old woman new, not very sure who all the kind people were who ministered to her wants so thoughtfully; not at all concerned about the manner in which one would vanish as another appeared, one come in at the door as the other ent out; and only a little surprised now and then that her daughter Mina did not take her turn with the rest, and sit in the armchair by

turn with the rest, and sit in the armchair by the bedside for a chat.

When told that Mina was not in the house she was quite satisfied. It was so good for dear little Mina to be out-of-doors.

Would she send her love to Penelope? Oh, yes; dear Penelope—but who, who was Penelope? Lady Carnoustle had had a stroke of paralysis, and though she might ultimately regain a portion of health and intelligence, it was quite understood that memory was gone, and that the past with her must now be forever a blank.

It was best so; even in the midst of their distress the afflicted family could tell each other it was best so; for they now knew all, and it was this knowledge and not the shock of Mina's awful death which had bereft Mina's mother of her senses.

But how came it that the secret which Penelope had risked so much to conceal, and of which she and Redwood believed all evidence destroyed, had transpired?

she and Reawood believed an evidence destroyed, had transpired?

Were not they and Ailsie alone cognizant of its existence? And had not every scrap and fragment of writing, every lilleit treasure and lovetoken, been burnt to ashes?

They had, and with a wearled spirit in a measure at peace, Penelope had laid herself down upon her bed at last, feeling that, horrible as had been the double crime committed, some of its horrors at least had been spared coming to the light, through her and her lover's means; but there is an old saying. "A chain is only as strong as its weakest link," and one weak link in the present chain of evidence had been overlooked. Penelope had forgotten the letter at the village postoffice.

stoffice, Mercifully, so did others, until the day after

to that date Lord and Lady Carnoustie, Up to that date Lord and Lady Carnoustic, albeit overwhelmed with sorrow, were yet able to bear their parts in the mournful duties of the occasion—the grief-stricken mother even surprising those about her by her resolute efforts after self-control and submission to the will of Heaven. "My poor wife bears up wonderfully." had been again and again on Lord Carnoustic's lips; and he had conceived a respect for her and a tenderness toward her during those few days which he was thankful afterward to be able to look back upon.

For the grave had scarcely closed, the flowers were not fresh upon its surface, when a messen-ger was sent to Alisie's room with an imperative summons. The old woman's heart gave a sudden bound. She could not recollect ever before being

bound. She could not recoilect ever before being thus sent for.

Instinctively she divined that this had nothing to do with Penelope, for though she was nursing Penelope—taking precaution that no ears but her own should listen to the wandering babble which ceaselessly issued from the poor parched lips—all inquiries, though as solicitous as could have been desired on the part of her master and mistress, had been made without the need for a personal interview. No, it was not on Penelope's account that Lady Carnoustie desired her attendance now.

In a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, he in a moment, in the twinking of an eye, her shrewd penetration had divined the worst directly she opened the door of the room in which Lady Carnoustie awaited her. Lady Carnoustie was standing. On the hearthrug in front of her stood her husband. Neither daughter was pres-

ent.
"They've fun' it oot," whispered the faithful servant to herself, every limb shaking. "Gude

servant to herself, every limb shaking. "Gude help them! they've fun' it oo!." Then she closed the door carefully and walked close up to the other two. In a short time they had learned all she had to tell—all at least that had reference to the tragedy of their child's life

and death.

It is not our purpose to dwell upon the emotions which such a revelation induced; nor, indeed, would it be possible in mere words to depict the amazement, the incredulity, the agony of consternation and bewilderment which, ranged on

the amazement, the incredulity, the agony of consternation and bewilderment which, ranged on one side, were confronted by one speechless, incontrovertible witness on the other. A common, vulgar love letter—such a love letter as might indeed harmlessly have been indied to a village beauty by her siliterate swain, but which, when addressed to their own daughter, to the loved one for whose untimely end they were in the first anguish of sorrow—and penned, moreover, by the hand which had ruthlessly destroyed her—was horrible beyond the power of speech to express; this was the weapon against which resistance and defence were alike useless.

To explain it, in the wild last hope that it might admit of explanation. Alishe had been summoned; and what would not she have given to have been able to protest that the confident strain of love requited was but the outpouring of a mind diseased; that Mina had never known of the madman's delusion, but had yielded up her life its innocent victim?

She could not say this. Perhaps, who knows, she might;—she would have said much, said almost anything on behalf of the old race whose honor, whose very life-blood was esteemed her own—but of what avails were falsehood? A simple inquiry at the yillage postoffice would blow her testimony to the winds. Recollecting the packets destroyed by Redwood and Penelope, she could not doubt that this clandestine missive was only one of many—many both received and answered; and realizing that the worst had come, she stood upright and cold all, concluding with these words: "My lord, an' my leddy, listen to

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purifies the breath. Used by people of refinement for over a quarter of Sold Everywhere. a century.

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the shooting began; wherefore it did not in the least surprise him to find that nothing now entertained her so well. He was always saying to Redwood, who had fallen into the way of either joining him on his moor or getting him on to the Inverashet moor, that such and such an exciting bit of luck or evidence of canine intelligence would "do to tell Penelope." Redwood, sympathizing, would contribute his share toward the items, and occasionally rather more than his share.

He was very cautious, but he had an easy the say of t

He was very caudious, but he had an easy person to deal with. It was nothing in Lord Carnoustie's eyes for his companion to send a tuft of white heather from the heights to please a poor girl who was confined to her room in the

a poor girl who was confined to her room in the glorious autumn weather.

When he produced a new volume of lifustrations, and suggested to Miss Louisa that it might amuse an invalid who-was not able to pass the time with reading, no one suspected that he had not got it down from town for his own use. When he brought anything, or when he came over with nothing, or whatever he left undone, it was all one. Redwood could not go wrong in the eyes of the hapless Carnoustie family now. They fancied their sorrow shared by him (for it had been no part of Alisie's business to enlighten any one on that point), and though we who are behind the scenes know that it was not so to the extent imagined, still it is but just to state that he had a very

still it is but just to state that he had a very real respect and regard for the family, and felt more at home and content in their family circle than he did anywhere else, or, truth to tell, than any one else had ever done before his day.

How much of this may have been due to a dear unacknowledged cause it boots not here to inquire. Penelope, it is true, was in the dastle, if unseen, it is unfair to suggest that her presence under its roof did more than cast a dim invisible halo over everything connected with it.

Our readers will have guessed that long before this the former invalid had vanished. Captain Alasile had indeed taken his departure the very day after the tragedy, his broken kneesjoint having, it is to be supposed, cared itself miraculously in the night, for it is noteworthy that he walked down to the pier with only the assistance of an arm to lean upon; and that, albeit a little stiff to work, he experienced no ill effects from using the disabled limb so suddenly.

missed. That another an another more more continued more in an order to a wouch by finding, as time passed, that nobody knew anything. The steps of the most interest that he passed, that nobody knew anything the most interest that he passed, that nobody knew anything the most interest to bodily as he had been won't odd. Take the most of the

At length the day came when Penelope could go downstairs.

Perhaps she could have gone before she did; perhaps she shrank a little from a meeting which must take place and which she scarcely knew how to face—but, at any rate, she was well; she was fairly strong, and she was just able to seat hetself in the corner of poor Lady Carnoustic's own sofa, tenderly offered by the tearful Louisa and Joanna, who felt nothing could be too good, and that dear mamma would horself have wished it could she have been able to understand. Penelope, we say, had only just got fairly enseanced with all the paraphernalla of invalidism to support her before the sportsmen were sighted in the avenue.

"It will be rather trying seeing Mr. Redwood." Whispered Louisa-Louisa had never been noted for tact—"but we thought you would be glad to get it over. So we told papa to be sure to bring him in today."

Penelope almost wished this had been kept

for tact—"but we thought you would be glad to get it over. So we told papa to be sure to bring him in to-day."

Penclope almost wished this had been kept back. Uncertainty would have been something, but now she was shaking and shivering all over, and when Joanna, from the window, announced, "Here are papa and Mr. Redwood at the door," and when Louisa considerately added, "I know you must be a little nervous, dear Penclope," and when finally the door opened, and Lord Carnoustie's voice was heard speaking to some one behind, and that "some one" came in tall and broad behind him, and was felt of their was coming—coming up to her—poor Penclope felt as if the room were spinning round, and herself the centre of all eyes.

Indeed, she looked so pale and slight and trembling that Redwood scarce knew how to let go the hand he took in his. He had, to be sure, an excuse for a moment's lingering. "I hope you feel a little better now?" he could be allowed to inquire, and pause for a reply.

And then the sider Miss Carnoustic, greatly pluming herself on her discretion, took up the subject and assured him that "dear Penclope" was very much better, and only looked a little less well to-day than usual because of the excitement of coming downstairs, and seeing people. It was always rather an era in an invalid's recovery, that first coming downstairs.

Redwood listened with profound attention, glancing every now and then at the little face with its eyes cast down, and wondering how soon he should be able to do more.

But Louisa, for her, was quite on the alert. "Now we will all go off to the other side of the room, and have our test theye," she cried; "and, dear Penclope, you will first stay here, and Mr. Redwood will bring you yours."

("That's better," though he.)

"Led and all you can

Redwood will bring you yours."

("That's better," though he.)

"And put a little table before you, and you can have it comfortably," subjoined Louisa, depart-

Thus on each of his journeys Redwood had a Thus on each of his journeys Redwood had a moment wherein to say or to look something. It was not much; but he was satisfied, as far as it went. Then, at last, he thought he might venture a step further. The Misses Soutter came in, and were cordially welcomed at the tea table. "My good angels," said Reiw soft to himself, "was there ever a call more opportune?" And without more ado he calmly seated himself on the sofa

Penelope's side.
'I hear your father is expected home," he said.

Tam expecting a letter .o-day."
"And you will join him in the South as soon you are able to travel, Lord Carnoustie is no."

"I shall be able as soon as he can have me."

"You don't look very strong yet—dear," the last word slipped out under his breath. Her cheek crimsoned: it seemed such a long, long time since that never-to-be-forgotten night that Redwood—Redwood, whose image had been before her eyes, whose words and looks and tones had fed every hour of consciousness with throbbing hopes and memories—seemed now, when once more in the flesh by her side, a stranger.

He leaned toward her, and stole the hand which lay temptingly near. "I am not going to transgress. Don't be afraid," he murmured. "It is enough to see you, and be with you again."

Place? Therefore I add your score to my own. And I add also the difference between us. That makes rather a big beating for this round. And makes rather a big beating for this round. And makes rather a big beating for this round. And ladd also the difference between us. That makes rather a big beating for this round. And ladd also the difference between us. That makes rather a big beating for this round. And makes rather a big beating for this round. And makes rather a big beating for this round. And ladd also the difference between us. That makes rather a big beating for this round. And ladd also the difference between us. That makes rather a big beating for this round. And ladd also the difference between us. That makes rather a big beating for this round. And ladd also the difference between us. That makes rather a big beating for this round. And makes rather a big beating for this round. And makes rather a big beating for this round. And ladd also the difference between us. That makes rather a big beating for this round. And ladd also the difference between us. That makes rather a big beating for this round. And ladd also the difference beauting the sole, as transer.

was quite the person to undertake the delicate task; and when she recrossed the room she assured them all that dear Penelope was quite recovered, and very happy at the thought of seeing her father again. Mr. East had written, desiring

her father again. Mr. East had written, desiring her to meet him in London as soon as possible, while knowing nothing of any particular reason for its being desirable she should do so. He had started for home before receiving the last letter from Carnoustle Castle.

"I thought he must have done so," observed Redwood, curiously well up in the subject. "He could hardly have had time to reach home from Jamaica if he had only left it on receipt of your letter on the 16th of last month,"

They then discussed the matter at length.

Presently the Misses Soutter took their leave, and Redwood feit he ought to take his. But he could not go. He had become in a manner one of the Carnoustle family, and for once and away thought he would disobey the dictates of cermony, "Miss Carnoustie, are you in a mood to grant a petition."

his red Tammy" What can the idea of that be?"

"Oh, Uncle!" Oh, Uncle!" A sort of convulsion shook Penelope's weakened form. She could not utter another word, but it was of no avail to struggle with herself, flesh and blood could not withstand the sight of Tosh's notion of mourning for a friend. He had wound an enormous crape band around his worsted "Tammy," lied a hinge bow behind, and let it stream behind him as far as it would go.

"Deed, an' I think it's raal decent." exclaimed he, proudly, in reply to an ejaculation from Alisie, who opened her little side door to him; "it was my mither's, puir weedy wumman; it was upo her weedy's bannet, an' I was hainin (savings it for Carnoustie, but mebbe it will sair him tao." be added, taking it off and regarding it fondly. "Is Carnoustie aboot? He wad be failn to see me wi' sie gran' murrains."

Fain, indeed 'No sight in the world would have achieved what the poor idiot's inimitable "murrains"

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Fain indeed 'No sight in the world would have achieved what the poor idiot's inimit

in the evening they were all very quiet. No-body ever did anything particular in the evenings at Carnoustic Castle, and now even the piano-was not available. They were sitting up and down aimessly after dinner, when Lord Car-noustic, after looking once or twice at his young invalid visitor, in whose cheek the pailor of ill-ness was intensified by its contrast with her mourning robe, suddenly made a stupendous proposition.

mourning rose, success, proposition.
"Penelope—ahem!—you're just sitting there with your hands before you. What was that game you used to play with Captain Ainslie? I dare say Mr. Redwood would play it with you? He used to play it with the Bob creature, too."
Redwood professed his readiness.

Amelie claft Gel out the cards, decravely.
"Perimps if Mr. Redwood would place the
screen round that little settee," suggested Joanna,
as Louise obeyed the mandate, "dear Penelope
would not feel a draught; and here is the small
table Captain Ainslie found so convenient for dquet."
And Redwood and Penelope were started at

It must be owned that the way they played and at must be owned that the way they played and scored was a novelty in the game. Redwood underlook the scoring. He was very exact and clear-headed at first, but as soon as onlookers had withdrawn, and no one was taking any particular notice of the play or the players, his declarations took something of this form:

declarations took something of this form:

"Tierre to the king. Is any day fixed for you to go? That's 'good,' is it? Or have you a higher? Do you travel by Great Western? No; stop; excuse me, but you can't count that, No, you don't,' holding back her hand with a smile. "It is for me to play first. Oh, you have let me take the trick, too! You are not attending closely enough to the game, I am afraid. I can't trust you to score with cards. I shall write down our respective numbers with a pencil and paper. You are only thirty-three, and I am a hundred and fifty-three. What is your address in Portland Place? Therefore I aid your score to my own. And I add also the difference between us. That makes rather a big beating for this round. And now give me his city address, too, if you please?"

Altogether it was rather a peculiar game of piquet.

wrong?"

"Mr. Redwood signalled us, my lady." Duncan pointed to a figure on the foreground of the moor; and in a few minutes Redwood, with his gun on his shoulder and his dogs at his heels, appeared at the carriage door.

"I have been up on the ptarmigan heights," he said, "and I remembered that you," addressing Penelope, "thought you would like a ptarmigan's wing for your hat. Will you accept one?" producing a brace of the speckled gray birds, whose plumage was just beginning to change for the winter.

ducing a brace of the spectra and content of the winter.

He looked so cheerful, so animated, so full of life and vigor altogether, that Penelope, smiling back, wondered a little if the glad look of his eyes and the ring in his voice would not strike her companion curlously.

Louisa, however, perceived nothing. One thought was always as much as she could cope with at a time, and her present thought was that Mr. Redwood had the previous evening appealed to her to rescue him from his loneliness.

"You will come to dine to-night, Mr. Redwood? Pray do. I had intended leaving a message at Inverashet. My father and Penelope are to leave us the day after to-morrow; we find the tide will suit for her to get off from the pier on Thursday, and no other day this week; and, of course, that is a great matter for an invalid, so these will be our last evenings all together." She almost broke down. "We shall be so glad if you will come both evenings. It—it will help us to bear them." "Of course, you must know I am only too glad to come," said he.

Penelope durst not meet his eyes as he spoke. He was leaning over the carriage door, too close, too unguarded. He was not even making a pretence of looking at Louisa.

"While dear papa is away we cannot, of course, invite a gentleman," continued the elderly lady, invite a gentleman," continued the elderly lady.

tence of looking at Louisa.

"While dear papa is away we cannot, of course, invite a gentleman," continued the eiderly lady, with a gentle blush on her maiden cheek, "but as soon as he returns, which will be in less than a week, you will always be welcome."

He thanked her courteously. Then he placed Penelope's ptarmigan on her lap.

"Are both of them for me?" said she.

Both? He smiled. Was not all he had to be thenceforth hers?

"So you will come to-night?" concluded Miss.

thenceforth hers?
"So you will come to-night?" concluded Miss. Carnoustie, leaning back on her cushions again; for the life of her she could not help feeling every inch "Miss Carnoustie" as she leaned back. "You know out hour. And, oh, Mr. Redwood, you will not mind, I am sure, but the Misses Soutter are coming. We asked them to dinner," she concluded solemnly; "Penelope wished it." And to herself she added: "If dear mamma never did so herself, we feel sure dear mamma had some good reason. But dear mamma would certainly wish us to do whatever Penelope wishes, now."

The following day was Penelope's last at Caroustie Castle. How terrible and yet how dear had its gray

towers become!

But a few short months previously she had stepped on that island shore a fra-spirited, whole-hearted girl, eager as a child to grasp the burden of the future, destrous of nothing more than to plunge head foremost into the mystery of life.

And now!

And now!

And now!

Ah, well, no other spot on earth would ever be to her what this place of places had grown to be; no other woods and moorlands would ever have such weird minglings of association, such surpassingly sweet and bitter memories: She would fain have visited every nook and tenderly inflamed, as youth will, agitation and emotion with the sight; but happly this could not be, and, indeed, all who loved Penelope and valued her peace of mind were now with the exception of the old lord, who was somewhat testy on the subject, intent on hastening her departure, confident that change of scene and companionship alone could effect the full restoration of her powers, and make her all she once had been in health and strength. Even Redwood was eager that there should

Even Redwood was eager that there should be no delay.
On the slightest of pretexts, however, he contrived to keep close and closer to the slide of his love as the hour of separation approached; and she could not but be conscious of a watch thus kept, a solleitude thus manifested; albeit, to the general view, Mr. Redwood was merely evineing a becoming concern for the welfare of an invalid whom every one was petting.

Redwood if was who suggested this and that precaution, planned this and that convenience; Redwood who had noted the gradual rise of the barometer, and marked the precise state of the tide. Redwood could give accurate information about the hour when the steamboat might be expected to touch at the quay.

As he made the latter announcement the attention of the party chanced by good hap to be diverted, and Penclope alone caught the quick undertone. "You won't forbid my being there"."

Of course, she could not "forbid" his being anywhere.

Indeed her own spirit was beginning to experience a sense of desolation, a yearning for his presence and support, a strange tenderness toward the wild fevered dream—it seemed at times but a dream—whence she had just emerged, but which so soon must begin to fade into the rast. She would too gladly leave it behind; and

But if Redwood—and then it seemed as if Redwood intuitively divined the meaning of her pensive brow. He was fondling on her lap the little curity-haired puppy he had brought as a gift, which was to accompany its new mistress south the next day. "He will have forgotten all about me before—ahem!—he sees me again. Dogs of this age have such very short memories," looking seriously into Penelope's face. "You will have an opportunity of seeing for yourself how extraor-dinarily short this little pup's memory is, very soon."

Louisa and Joanna, who were both standing by, heard nothing in the words, but Penelope heard all she wanted.

Again, it was, "You are going straight on to London without stopping, Lord Carnousie? I

heard all she wanted.

Again, it was, "You are going straight on to London without stopping. Lord Carnoustie? I shall do the same next week. I am going upotther Monday or Thesday. Oh, yes, I am returning to Inverashet; I shall be here till the first of January, anyway, but I shall have to go up and down to town. That's nothing. One travels so easily nowadays."

At last he had to take leave. He put it off as long as he could, stayed as late as he dared, and

At last he had to take leave. He put it off as an almost betrayed himself at the last. But though he had to drive home through the night mist without the embrace for which his heart himsered, the lover's "good-night," which by circumstances was denied, he was, in his hidden soul.

For Redwood was now fully, deeply and last-ingly in love. He had found in the bright, fear-less spirit of Penelope the true match for his own soberer self; he had learned to value her innocent gayety, to care for every note in her voice, every sparkle in her eye; and each moment spent in her society only left him more and more impatient for the time when all barriers between them should be removed.

for the time when an oarries seems should be removed.

He desired not only to share every mutual retrospect, but to confide his own individual past—to smile and sigh over it—to feel what a fool he had been, and to feel afresh what a lucky and a happy fellow he was.

All of this had, to be reserved for the hour to

All of this had, to be reserved for the hour to which certain murmured syllables pointed, when on the little steamer's deck two hands lay for a moment fast in each other and the landscape was a blurred mist in Penelope's eyes.

It was not till the early days of spring that It was not till the early days of spring that news came to the old castl, in the north of the approaching marriage of Redwood and Penelope. Throughout the previous months not a syllable had escaped to betray any understanding which should wound the hearts of its immates, and by April one and all were prepared not only to hear with equanimity of the engagement, but to ap-oland U.

April one and all were prepared not only to hear with equanimity of the engagement, but to appliand it.

"It is what we have been hoping for ever since our dear Mina's death," exclaimed Louisa and Joanna, going themselves with the news to Glenmore. "We felt that, as all other hopes had been put an end to, it was by no means unlikely that Mr. Redwood would turn his thoughts toward Penelope. He seemed very much struck with her on her first appearance after her illness. We both observed that he could hardly keep his eyes off her. And when we heard he had been to visit them in London, and did not think Penelope looked at all strong, and was so much concerned about it, and ran down to see her at Brighton on purpose to set our minds at ease, we could not but fancy he was rather glad of the excuse. From the first he seemed to take to us all. Evidently he wished to enter our family. And now that dear mamma is so much better, we have been able to tell her, and though she does not quite understand it, she is just as pleased as if she did. We think, you know," lowering her tone, and looking round, "that sometimes dear mamma confuses Penelope with—with Mina. When we told her about Penelope going away at first, she talked a great deal about it, and at last we found out what she was thinking; and now she keeps harping on some old days—you know what days, Miss Jean?—and wonders what Lady Ainshle will say. And though it sounds quite coherent and sensible, we know by other things, little things she lets 'all, that she is referring to poor Mina and Mr. Etheridge, not to Penelope and Mr. Redwood.

"I suppose there was never anything between Captain Ainsile and—ahem?" inquired Miss Jean, as carelessly as she could, but she listened with ears outstretched for the reply.

"Never. Oh dear, no" Louisa laughed at the idea. "Indeed, Penelope would never have thrown herself away on that little Bob," sub-

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joined she; and if Bob could have heard her, he would have felt he had sunk low indeed. Louise was even during to be contemptuous, now that she could dure to be anything. "But then dear mamma always despised him," she excused hersalf internative.

heard to let fall.

pate in the family rejoicings, Tosh, I regret to say, had forgotten who Redwood and Penelope were. He made the announcement, however,

have gone into the coffers of the Ainsiles!"
"It was no fault of mine that it didn't, then,"
averred Dr. McWhinnock, considering himself
aggrieved by the insinuation. "I'm sure I kept
that loon lying on his back weeks after he could
have been up and stravagin' all over the country
—and all to please you, John Soutter!"

DR. HOLMES AND MR GLADSTONE.

DR. HOLMES AND MR GLADSTONE.

From The Westminster Budget.

Mr. Ernest Hart has an interesting account in this wesk's "British Medical Journal" of a day he spent with Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes.

"Dr. Holmes (Mr. Hart reports) fell to talking of Gladstone and of a memorable dinner at which we were both present at the house of a celebrated London Amphitryon of our profession—Sir Henry Thompson. It happened to fail on the day after the rejection by the House of Commons of the Hone Rule bill: I reminded Gladstone of his nightly Parliamentary efforts, and I think he said, "That, Mr. Holmes, I most often feel as the recreation which sweetens work." I am not sure those were the exact words, for my permory sometimes fails me, but that is my recollection, o. it. It was a great night. You remember to the holm of the house of the holm of the hol

OBSTINATE ROYAL INVALIDS.

OBSTINATE ROYAL INVALIDS.

From The Hustrated London News.

"A king has the right to die, but not the right to be ill." said Louis XVIII to his doctors, forbidding them at the same time to publish the truth about his condition. Alexander I, perhaps in imitation of the Bourbon whom he had helped to his throne, acted upon the same principle, though he did not embody it in a paradoxical epigram. For more than forty-eight hours—namely, during November I? and II, 1825—he obstinately refused to be bied, notwithstanding the urgent persuasion to that effect of his own physician, James Wellye, and of Stoptingen, the medical attendant of the Empress.

On the 14th, toward evening, Wellye, finding all persuasion useless, plainly told the Czar that having refused the aid of science till it was too late, had no resource left but the aid of religion. "And I have said the blumt physician, a worthy predecessor of Zacharin; "I am afraid that religion will be of little use to the man whose obstinacy in refusing all medical aid is tantamounit to suicide." Thirty hours later, the eldest son of Faul I have beat the peacefully in his bed since the demise of Peter he Great; for, though the thing has often been contradicted, there is a strong suspicion that Nicholas I made away with himself.

If all one hears be true, it would appear that Alexander III is quite as obstinate as his granduncle in his refusal to submit to his physician's guidance of his weighty responsibilities, the Czarewich being of his weighty responsibilities, the Czarewich being of his weighty responsibilities, the Czarewich being the lofty standard may defeat its own purpose by accelerating a crisis which with ordinary care might be averted for several years. Three quarters of a century have passed since the French King coined century have passed since the French King coined century have passed since the French King coined and say: "A king has the right to be ill, but not to die, if he can prevent it"?

IN THESE DAYS OF DIVORCES. From The Chicago Record.

ye hae heard this day; and may the Lord Himsel' help ye baith to bear it! Ask me what mair ye will; I'm here to answer. I did what I couldna—but there was nane could save her, sin' yersels had made her what she was. She micht hae been a gude bairn, the Joy o' yer hearts, the croon o' yer auld age—she micht ha' been a mither hersel', wi' a hame and a husband o' her aim—she micht ha' been alle to live the life He had made her, and let to live the life He had made her for. Ye best ken wha turned her frae. What quenched a' the light in her bit breast as a lassle; what garred her be silent when she wad fain hae spoken oot; garred be guid, when she was no guid; garred her mak' believe she was content, when her heart was angered and sore. She was to ken naethin', think o' naethin', care for naethin' but what he thocht fit. She was to tak' up wi' naehody—ne'er came ane to the hoose o' her all to the light in Lord.

"Redwood?" Allsie laughed a bitter laugh

"Redwood?" Alisie laughed a bitter laugh,
"Redwood? Na! She was past Redwood afore he
came. The iron had entered into her soul; an'
she was fain to fling herse! awa, to be revenged,
if for naethin' mair. Ay it if for naethin' mair. Ay, it was revenge—it mann hae been revenge," she muttered to herself. "A Carnoustie could stoop to revenge, but

ho' to love."

Lord Carnoustie seized her by the arm and shook it. "What more do you know, woman? Speak, in God's name, and hide nothing; do you not see that she." pointing to a motionless figure sitting stiffly upright with fixed, wide-open eyes. "that she"—— The speaker's accents died away. Both were aware of a terrible new turn of events, and both alike sprang forward;—but too late.

revents, and both alike sprang forward, but late.

There was one loud bursting sigh, one blind involuntary movement, and Lady Carnoustie fell heavily to the floor.

She never recovered the full use of her reason; never reverted to the above scene, nor seemed to retain any recollection of it; though, after a period of time, a certain amount of restoration was otherwise effected in her health.

It was felt, as we have said, that the stroke which deprived her of memory and limited her intelligence was, even in its intensity, a merciful one.

one.

It was now very reasonably Lord Carnoustie's chief anxiety to learn whether the mystery of his daughter's murder had been unriddled by the world at large; and he was comforted more than he would have dared to avouch by finding, as time passed, that nobody knew anything. This was so much better than what he at first anticipated that below as when he are the context of th

Now, Marie had protested weeks before, between hysterics and temper, that she should not stay a day longer than she could help in such a dreadful place, and had been gladly dispatched on the first opportunity, and it was Kate Cameron—clever, cheery little Katle from Glenmore—who had been sent over by the Misses Soutter to assist Ailsie in her nursing. Penelope had grown quite accustomed to the sight of Katle's face and figure going about before it ever occurred to her to ask what Katle was doing there. The next step was a vague interest in her food, and then at last the invalid began to "take hold." "She was just about dummocked with it all,

The next step was a vague interest in her food, and then at last the invalid began to "take hold."

"She was just aboot dummocked with it all, and that's the truth," quoth Dr. McWhinnock, in diagnosing the case. "But she's pu'd through she's pu'd through, and she'll be none the worsenot a penny the restrict a penny the worsenot a penny her strength again. Let her lie still a bit, and don't hurry her. I've no opinion of hurry. Hurry no man's cattle, says the proverbs."

Accordingly Penelope lay still, and life came back to her.

One day she beckoned the old nurse to her bed-side, and pointed to the window-blinds, both of which were drawn down, as they had been for many days. It was a mild November day, a pearly mist hung over the ocean, and not a ripple stirred its glassy surface. The warm season had kept the fuchsias still in luxuriant bloom, while myrtle-blossoms were out upon the south wall of the garden and verbeng hranches scrawled to

land," murmured Penelope, "Myrtic-blossoms in November;" holding up a bunch which Louisa had left with her. "I think I should like to look out to-day. Draw up the blind and let in the sunlight, Ailste dear; I know the sun is shining utside.

But when Alisie advanced toward the window

But when Allsie advanced toward the window whence she thought less glare would fall upon the invalid's weakened eyeballs. Penelope's voice grew quite loud and strong in protest.

"Not that blind—not that one." She waved her hand imperatively. "I won't look out therenot there. Let me look upon the sea." pointing to the nearest casement, whence a view of the bay could be obtained from where she lay.

The old woman did as she was bid without a word. After a moment's reflection she remembered that the other side of the little turret was that which overlooked the moor, and then she knew that Penelope's wandering senses were resturning.

turning.

A little longer and Penelope asked to sit up within the small windowed recess and watch the world below, and thenceforward spent a part of

world below, and thenceforward spent a part of every day there.

On one occasion, and one only, she and Alisie reverted to the past. Alisie found her in tears, and gently remonstrated in nursely parlance; but Penelope, looking around carefully to be sure they were alone, bade the old woman sit down beside her for a few minutes.

"You see, Alisie," she said, "I cannot forget that if I had done what I ought all of this might—I don't say it would—but it might have been prevented. If I had refused to keep poor Mina's secret and insisted on her telling her father or mother"—

"She wadna hae dune it," said Alisie sadiy.
"No, if ye had gane upo' your knees to her, she

"She wadna hae dune it, said sales sole of the control of the cont But you said you did not know." "But you said you did not know."

"Nae mair I did ken to him—to Redwood. Nae mair I did ken—what could be ca'd kennin'. For nae word nor whisht let she fa', and ay turned aside my cautions, an' aye laucht at me; but ho! fine I kenned for a' that. Maybe, no a' that went on, but eneugh—waes me! en ugh. I wadna tak' ower muckle blame to yerse!', my dawtie," patting the shoulder of her charge tenderly. "Ye was nae that sair wrang; ye did your best"—"Perhaps I could not have made her confess, but at least I need not have hurried her into further deceit. I mean," said Penelope, faltering, "about Mr. Redwood."

A quavering shadow of a smile flickered across Allste's lips.

llste's lips.
"And a' the time Redwood was for yersel'!" e said. "But I did not know it; I had no idea of it," eagerly. "Remember, no one is to be told about that for a long, long time yet, Alisie; you will re-member, won't you? It would hurt them dread-"I'll no tell. Dinna be feared."

"Then there was another thing," proceeded Penelope, blushing a little, "You know what Tosh said on that day the Ainsiles arrived?" said on that day the Ainsiles arrived?"
"Ay, I mind."
"What could he have meant?"
"Miss Penelope, gif ye kenned Tosh as I do, ye wai hae kenned by this, that whiles he issenss jist naethin', ava! whiles he's sensible, and he's aye trusty, but, 'deed, a' the time it's jist Tosh; and though I made as though I believed him thon day, i' my heart I thocht naething o't."
"He must have heard something."
"He micht, or he micht no."
"I shall learn some day," said Penelope softly to herself. And meantime she let the subject drop.

to herself. And meantime she let the subject drop.

She wanted next to know if her father had been told how ill she was.

He had. It had been deemed advisable to inform him after the Edinburgh physician had given his verdict, since no one could foresee what turn the fever might take. Also Dr. McWhinnock was sure that as soon as his patient could move she must be got a way from the place. Lord Carnoustie thought that very likely Mr. East would sail for England immediately on receipt of his letter. Lord Carnoustie looked grave as he spoke. He did not like the idea of Mr. East's returning to claim his daughter. He did not like at all the idea of being without Penelope.

Every day he now found his way up the turret stair. It was good for the invalid, he averred, to have some one to talk to, and he and she had plenty to talk about. He had always found Penelope took an interest in his affairs, and liked to have full accounts of each day's sport after

shooting began; wherefore it did not in the I"-but he had to draw himself upright hastliy.

at the far table, in a breath. "No bad news?"
"Oh no; very good news, I should say. The
best thing in the world for her. Mr. East is arrived, and she is a little overcome; but it only from the momentary surprise." Then glanced backward. "She is better already. think," to Miss Louisa, "if you were to go a talk to her"—Louisa delightedly felt that s

Miss Carn sustle was always in the mood-from

Redwood professed his readiness.
"It's just nonsense the fuss about cards as cards." muttered the old gentleman into Louisa's ear. Louisa having looked at him for a moment. "Even she got not to mind the sight of them with Ainsile; and why shouldn't Redwood do what Ainsile did? Get out the cards," decisively. "Perhaps if Mr. Redwood would place the screen round that little setter." suggested Joanna,

cated to her mother; how soon, how strangely soon, and how easily was poor Lady Carnoustie's place being everywhere filled! The placid invalid kissed her hand from the window as the carriage rolled by, and asked her attendant who the ladies were? She was quite pleased to see the horses' harness flash and glitter in the sun.

"You are enjoying your drive, Penelope, I think," said Louisa, affectionately. "What are we stopping for, Duncan?" demanded the speaker, a minute or two later. "Anything wrong?"

"Mr. Redwood signalled us, my lady." Duncan

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Puff Boxes

Chased, Card Cases,

Usual shapes,

" Vantine's Teas," Pure and Delicious " Ko-Kay" Chop, English Breakfast, at 60c., is a fine one.

self, internally.

Little Bob, however, had his good points. He was never known to say a hard word of Penelope East, nor to add her name to those on the roll of his vanquished fair ones. "She was a very nice girl," was the only comment he was ever

heard to let fail.

Lord Carnoustie had the greatest satisfaction in the match. So had the household generally—in proportion. So had the Misses Soutter—chuckling over John as they announced it.

Whether poor, fond, faithful Nurse Alisie would have been most pleased or saddened could never be known, for she did not live to see the day. Her heart had been broken, and she sank into her quiet grave with the first chill winds of spring.

When they expected the idiot Tosh to participate in the family rejoicings, Tosh, I regret to

were. He made the announcement, nowever, a peg on which to hang his own immediate coherns. "Troth, an' I hope they'll be warmer than I am, then. I'm that cauld this time o' year; an' there's nae Mistress Alison to look after me noo," shivering and chattering, whereupon, of course, he received orders to go inside, which was what he wanted.

he was rueful enough.
"To think," he cried, "that all that siller might have gone into the coffers of the Ainslies."

The End.

He-Will you be my wife some time this year? She-I will. But I can't answer for any time later than that